

Anna Wieling Filippini; as told to Maxine Durney, Mar 10 89 and Jan 12 1990.

My parents were born a few months apart in the same year, 1866, in Holland. Both my parents told about skating as children on canals joining towns that were close together.

My father, Peter Wieling, came from Arkrum. My mother, Minnie Kooistra, came from Poopakaaveer, to San Francisco to cook for her brother, who ran a milk route out in the Mission, and for his drivers. . One of those drivers was my father.

Mother came to America when she was 22 and married my father when she was 27. They rented a big dairy on Sonoma Mountain, in the 1880's, where they were neighbors to the Hardins. They were on the upper and lower Lynch Ranches, 5 years on one and 2 years on the other.

Later they purchased this place where I am now, 30 acres, in 1900. This locality was known as New Town. At one time there was a gas station with the name New Town on it, and a saloon as well.

Our original house is gone, if it were still there it would be on the extension of McDowell Blvd that joins Casa Grande road. We called our lane "the lane", and we called Casa Grande "Route 3". Didn't know any other name for it.

Yes, there were other Dutch in Petaluma. My parents and their friends talked Dutch to each other, and one of them worked as a gardener for McClay, raised all the tulips in McClay's garden at the corner of 6th and D street in Petaluma. His name was Louis de Groot. We had family in Vineburg (Sonoma Valley) and in Pennngrove as well. We went to the Presbyterian church on 5th street, by horse and wagon, and later my children were baptized there.

Here my father had thirty acres of bare land in the beginning. He built the house and barn, and colony houses for the chickens. Father had a hay press (the old Petaluma hay press) and a binder. Later we had a few cows.

Our yard was gravelled, but it was sticky in winter, adobe, you know, so my father built a porch all around the house for us to play on, so we could be outside. We skated around the porch, and I had a dog, a collie, who would pull me round and round the porch until his tongue hung out and he would flop down, worn out.

Later, all upstairs was made into one big room...we skated up there, unless my mother was in the house. Too much racket. We skated also at Dreamland skating rink, where Sanderson's is now on Petaluma Boulevard South, and also at a smaller rink at Kentucky and B street, where Rex Hardware is now.

There were three children born before I was. The oldest was my sister, born while they still lived in the Sonoma Mountains; another sister; and a brother, who died as a little boy.

My parents had about 2000 chickens. Our chores, as children, began in the morning, milking the cows...we did plenty of ranch work. We grew kale; we'd pull the leaves to feed to the chickens and a new leaf would grow out again. Also Dad grew alfalfa for the cows. I hauled plenty of alfalfa with a horse and sled. It grew nice in the adobe soil, there were up to three cuttings. Later in the year when it didn't grow so much we turned the cows onto it. A planting of alfalfa was good for five or six years. We irrigated from our two or three wells.

Later everything got big. It got hard to get anyone to share crop, or to work for us.

We went to Bliss School, below the Old Adobe, for eight years. We walked one and a half miles up Route 3 to Bliss School. It was close to the Old Adobe. We would run up there, run around the porches. Our teachers were Mrs. Putnam and Myrtle Reed.

My mother sewed, made all the clothes for the kids to go to school in, on a sewing machine she bought second hand. She was fussy. We'd turn the wheel backward and she'd scold us.

My sisters went to high school in a horse and wagon, but I was in the first class that got there by bus.

Our neighbors were the Millers across the street; up the road were the Atkinsons, and the Sartori's, and the Railerfords, and up the lane were two brothers who were bachelors. There were the Fredricksons, the Dondons, and around on the alley was the McKillops. Next to Bliss school on this side were Connells, and across the road the Matzens.

I married Henry Filippini in 1927. His parents had a small place at the corner of Ely Rd and Washington, where the Catholic Church is now. They raised prunes and a few chickens.

Henry and I lived at this location, where I am now, in an older house, for ten years. We bought these five

acres, that join my parent's property, from Sartori, during the Depression. Our three children grew up here: Donald, Dolores and Gary. We had milk and eggs, for plenty of custards, and my husband had a job, at Adams Box Factory.

Every three weeks there was a dance at one place or another. This was in the late 20's. My father came over to take care of my babies, and we got to the dances in our model T, my husband and I. There was always some sort of group, some from Cotati. Dances were at Cotati, Lakeville, and the Holy Ghost, out on Bodega avenue.

I had a brooder house of my own that we heated with coal oil lamps, two lamps under a hood. I could have 500 chicks. If the chicks were too warm, they spread out. If they got too close to the lamps they were cold. "A chilled chick is a dead one", we said. If they got too close to each other, they'd smother. I'd raise the wick of the lamp to give more heat. You get 'em chilled once, you're done.

You could raise every chick. I watched them. I went to see them before I went to bed. If all is well they make a nice circle around those lamps.

I went to get the chicks from Must Hatch Hatchery one time, came home and saw a fire, wondered what it was...it was MY brooder house! I had lit the kerosene lamps before I left, to warm the room for the chicks, and one of the lamps exploded.

I brought the chicks in their boxes into our bedroom, and kept them there for three weeks. My husband built a new brooder house for me, putting in an electric brooder, for my next batch of chicks.

On the floor of the brooder house, under the brooder, I put grain sacks, opened grain sacks, that could be removed when they were soiled with droppings. Then I would put the sacks on the fence, spray them with a hose, and let them dry in the sun. The chicks have to be kept clean, you know, just like babies.

In the beginning they drank water from a bowl that I put a rock in, so that they couldn't get in and drown themselves. Later I used a Mason Jar, filled with water, with a star shaped lid. Inverted, the water was fed into the lid as the chicks drank it, putting their little beaks into the points of the star. Their water stayed clean that way.

I purchased two batches of chicks a year, 500 at a time. We'd cull out the broilers, the cockerels...this is before we could buy sexed chicks..pullets only...and have

the broilers for eating, or would sell them. We took them in a crate to one of several places that purchased them. They would weigh the birds in the coop, then they would take the birds out and weigh the coop. Those we kept we would kill and clean and put in cold storage.

No, we didn't have many chickens, it was on the other side of town that they went into the chicken business big.

Cannibalism? No, we didn't have much trouble with birds picking each other. There was more of that kind of trouble in the big flocks.

When bleeding started, the picking continued. Birds that were injured we would take away. When they went to roost you could go into the house with a flashlight, pick them off the roost. We put them in the "jailhouse", until they had healed.

Two of our children went to Payran School, the two older ones. One of the trustees was Ed Kelsey, who said I could put my children there. It was out of my district, you know. Our youngest son who was born in 1945, went to Bliss school. Both boys became math teachers. Dolores went to business college in Santa Rosa, and worked at Sunset Line and Twine. She married Ronald Westerterp.

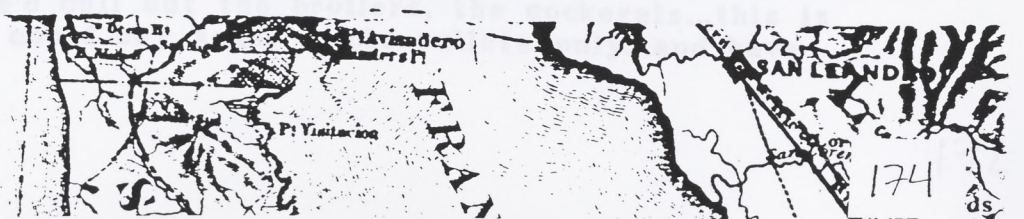
I have ten grandchildren.

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San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun Bays in 1873 (from Alameda, Roger B.
 Cow Schooners of SF Bay. California History Center, Berkeley, Ca. 1988)



Petaluma
 and
 New Town
 on R.R. Donahue
 to Petaluma



Petaluma Historical Library and Museum
Oral History Program
Family History Questionnaire

1990

Name: Filippini, Anna Wieling, widow
Address 1549 Casa Grande Road, Petaluma, California 94954
Born June 1 1907, Petaluma, at home
Education: Bliss School, Petaluma High School. "I didn't graduate but I was with the class of 1926."
Occupation: "After I was married I worked for -----Bennett, grading eggs, on North Main street, but not for long. Mary Masciorini was the bookkeeper."
Travels: Europe, Alaska, Central America, the Amazon, "the islands" (Hawaii), Washington DC.
Organizations and clubs: Cowbelles, and American Association of Retired Persons

Parents: Peter Andrew Wieling b. 1866 Arkrum, Holland
Minnie Kooistra b. 1866 Poopakaaveer, Holland
Brothers and sisters: Eva Adams (Howard Adams) deceased
Jessie Patocchi (Alvin Patocchi) deceased
Father's father: Andrew Wieling

Spouse: Henry Arnold Filippini
Children: Donald
Dolores, m. Ronald Westerterp
Gary
Grandchildren: 10
Great grandchildren: 5

Argus Courier 3-11-97

Obituaries *Argus Courier 3-11-97*

Anna A. Filippini

Funeral services are set Wednesday at 2 p.m. for native Petaluma resident Anna A. Filippini, 89, who died Sunday in Lodi.

Mrs. Filippini attended Bliss Elementary School and Petaluma High School. She and her late husband, Henry Filippini, worked side-by-side in the hay fields and she continued driving a tractor well into her 70s. Mrs. Filippini also spent much of her life raising her three children, and enjoyed raising chickens and selling eggs.

Among her hobbies were shopping for antiques and helping others. Mrs. Filippini was an active member of the Sonoma-Marine Cow Bells for years and also dedicated to the county fair. She was also particularly fond of being a

spectator in the activities of young people, including her grandchildren.

Mrs. Filippini is survived by her children, Donald of Los Altos, Dolores Westertorp of Woodbridge and Gary of Penngrove, 10 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Friends are invited to attend the service for Mrs. Filippini at the Parent Sorensen Mortuary, Magnolia Avenue and Keokuk Street, in Petaluma and may call for visitation tonight until 6 p.m. at the mortuary. Interment will be at Cypress Hill Memorial Park in Petaluma.

Those wishing may contribute to Hospice of Petaluma, 415 A St., Petaluma, CA, 94952, or the Shriners Hospital, 1701 19th Ave., San Francisco, CA, 94122.

Parent-Sorensen Mortuary MAGNOLIA & KEOKUK STS., PETALUMA FOR INFORMATION, PHONE 763-4131

MARTIN D. (BUZZ) RODGERS, Director/Owner • JAMES M. SMITH, Director/Owner

FILIPPINI — Passed away in Lodi March 9, 1997. Anna Filippini. Dear wife of the late Henry Filippini. Beloved mother of Donald Filippini of Los Altos, Dolores Westertorp of Woodbridge, and Gary Filippini of Penngrove. Loving grandmother of ten and great-grandmother of sixteen. Dear sister of the late Eva Adams, George Wieling, and Jessie Patocchi. Loving aunt of June Silacci of Penngrove, Violet Tufts of Petaluma, and Doris Dunaway of Schellville.

A native of Petaluma. Age 89 years.

Friends are invited to attend a Funeral Service on Wednesday, March 12, 1997 at 2:00 P.M., at the PARENT-SORENSEN MORTUARY, Magnolia Ave. & Keokuk St., Petaluma. Friends may call for visitation on Tuesday (today), from 10:00 A.M. until 6:00 P.M., at the mortuary.

Those who prefer may contribute to the Shriners Hospital, 1701 - 19th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 or the Hospice of Petaluma, 415 "A" St., Petaluma, CA 94952.

Interment Cypress Hill Memorial Park, Petaluma.

PETALUMA HISTORICAL MUSEUM
Oral History Program

Unconditional Release Agreement

For and in consideration of the participation by the Petaluma Historical Museum in any programs involving the dissemination of ~~tape-recorded~~ memoirs and oral history material for publication, copyright, and other uses, I hereby release all right, title, or interest in any and to all of my ~~tape-recorded~~ memoirs to the Petaluma Historical Museum and declare that they may be used without any restriction whatsoever and may be copyrighted and published by the said Museum, which may also assign said copyright and publication rights to serious research scholars.

In addition to the rights and authority given to you under the preceeding paragraph, I hereby authorize you to edit, publish, sell and/or license the use of my oral history memoir in any other manner which the Museum considers to be desirable and I waive any claim to any payments which may be received as a consequence thereof by the Museum.

PLACE 1544 Laso Grande Rd.

Petaluma

DATE 1989, 1990

For ANNA FILIPINI

Mary Filipini

(Interviewee)

Markus Durney

(for the Petaluma Historical Museum)

